

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES
THE NEWS-TIMES PRINTING COMPANY.
210 West Colfax Avenue, South Bend, Indiana
Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at South Bend, Indiana.
BY CARRIER.
Daily and Sunday in advance, per year \$5.00
Daily, single copy, 2c
Sunday, single copy, 2c
BY MAIL.
Daily and Sunday in advance, per year \$4.00
Daily, in advance, per year \$3.00
If your name appears in the telephone directory you can telephone your want "ad" to The News-Times office and a bill will be mailed after its insertion. Home phone 1151; Bell phone 2100.
CONE, LORENZEN & WOODMAN
Foreign Advertising Representatives.
225 Fifth Avenue, New York. Advertising Building, Chicago.
SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 29, 1913

TESTATORS AND CHARITY.
Many men and women make wills. Occasionally the will disposes of a large amount of property; generally it does not. The amount of property disposed of by the average will is comparatively small.

Owing to the great prominence given to large bequests the impression is more or less prevalent that only the rich man makes a will and that it is only the rich man who can afford to give money to charity. If this attitude of the average will-maker could be changed, the help to our charitable organizations would be incalculable.

If you contemplate making a will do not think for a minute that because you are disposing of a small estate, perhaps an estate of \$5,000, your bequest to charity would not be gratefully received. The \$5,000 bequest to charity are few and far between. It is the gift of a bushel of potatoes, the sending of magazines, the sewing circles, the hour or so a day given by unselfish men and women for the promotion of some good cause that makes charity efficient.

Stop and think. Do you realize how many quarts of milk a bequest of \$5 would furnish to a children's dispensary? Do you realize that a bequest of \$10 to an orphan asylum would clothe a child for an entire winter? Do you realize that a bequest of \$25 would make a complete outfit of bedding and furniture for a tuberculosis patient? Do you realize that \$100 would equip a room in a modern hospital?

We have all of these charities right with us and many more. If you are going to dispose of an estate of \$10,000 do not think that a bequest of \$10 would not help someone. There is not a philanthropic society in our midst that would not gratefully receive and efficiently dispose of a \$10 bequest, and if you have prospered and can make \$100 bequests your usefulness to your less fortunate fellowmen will be that much greater.

Think this matter over when you make your will. Cut out this article and preserve the names of these worthy charities. The names tell you what they are doing and you must realize by the names themselves that the work is good.

Epworth hospital and training school.
Sisters of the Holy Cross Hospital association (St. Joseph hospital).
Associated charities and philanthropies.

Children's aid society of Indiana (Orphans' home).
Children's dispensary and hospital association.
Visiting nurse association.
Anti-tuberculosis league.
Young Men's Christian association.
Young Women's Christian association.

LIMITED FREIGHT TRAINS.
A bill before congress proposes to restrict the number of freight cars on any one train to fifty. Is this bill in furtherance of public interest?

The number of freight cars leaving the yards at Elkhart is frequently as high as 2,500 in one day. How will the public interest be subserved in requiring that twice as many engines and twice as many train crews be employed in transmitting this business? It is not only twice as many engines and twice as many train crews, but it is twice the expense for every movement of freight and twice the danger of life all along the line. How can public sentiment be in favor of any such legislation?

The density of population in New England has made the running of trains with great frequency necessary. To this was added more or less careless management in failure to provide the most modern equipment in the dispatching of trains. The whole world knows the result. Will the public demand that it be submitted to twice the dangers without some compensatory advantages? What are the advantages? They are negligible.

Who is it that is going to pay for the waste that will ensue in forcing the railroad to haul with two engines and two crews and two sets of equipment what it has been hauling with one? Who pays the bill for foolish legislation of this character? We do in the long run. The railroads must be operated with a view to efficiency, safety and convenience to the public. On this we have the right to insist and it is our duty as the public to say that none of these requisites are impaired by our own folly.

If we make the hauling of freight unnecessarily expensive the waste must fall somewhere. If it falls on the railroad in the first instance the railroad must retrench. If we do not allow it to retrench in measures for the public safety it must retrench in other directions. Its buying power is curtailed. The buying power of railroads is one of the essentials of American prosperity. This buying power keeps more money in circulation and does more for the promotion of active business than any other business enterprise. What are you going to do about it?

RAILROAD SPECIALIZATION.
Peaceable acquiescence in the will of government that all combinations in restraint of trade and for the purpose of controlling and manipulating the price of the necessities of life is seen in the announcement that the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will dispose of its coal interests.

The will of the government is expressed in the law which forbids railroad companies from transporting articles or commodities mined or manufactured by them or under their authority. Its purpose is to break up producing and shipping trusts formed by a number of railroads which operate to stifle competition and increase the cost to the consumer.

In this particular the Pennsylvania is a comparatively small but important offender. It controls about ten per cent of the anthracite coal product of the country. Its shipments for the seven months ending July 31 were 3,697,013 of the total of 40,339,706 tons of anthracite shipped by all the companies. None of this ten per cent was shipped to seaboard points, which means that the middle west got all or most of it.

Railroading has reached a point where specializing is necessary to obtain the best results. Public sentiment is demanding that more attention be given to providing safe, comfortable and economical transportation and less to making money on the side. If the railroad companies perform that service well they will have their hands full and the public will suffer less from accidents and monopoly.

THE BETTER CONSTRUCTION.
Judge Thompson of the Philadelphia federal court has held with Judge Van Fleet in the Diggins-Cammetti case that the Mann white slave act applies to escapades as well as to interstate transportation for commercial purposes. The case on trial was one in which a man had taken a girl to Buffalo for immoral purposes.

Thus far there have been two interpretations of the law in favor of the broader application and one, by a Kansas City judge in favor of a limited construction. The former will be regarded by the public as preferable since it offers greater security against the social evil, which in its various phases is at the bottom of the white slave trade.

The important thing to society is not so much whether money is made out of a traffic in morals as that immoral practices shall be abolished. One of these is that which has come to be known by the name of escapades. These escapades are immorality made easy.

If the laws can be used for preventing this form of vice why should it not be utilized, regardless of what the original scope and intention of the act may have been? One of the greatest dangers girls with a wayward tendency are exposed to is the temptation to take a trip and have a good time with the possibility of exposure remote.

Chicago editors of papers printed in foreign tongues have contributed \$2,500 to a fund to make things easier for the newly arrived immigrant and to help to a surer footing as a citizen.

The progressives are to make a country-wide effort to get control of congress. It means just what Roosevelt said, that if the republicans want to harmonize now is the time to begin.

Mexican bandits are enterprising people. They are improving their opportunities. Which is more than can be said for a much larger part of the population of that country.

Efforts of the Illinois progressives to draw "Uncle Joe" Cannon into a debate are not likely to prove successful. The old man may be a fighter, but he is nobody's fool.

Thousands of visitors will be in South Bend this week to view the exposition and South Bend will have every reason to be proud of the impression conveyed.

With the opening of the Panama canal next month the possibilities of engineering will receive unexampled exemplification.

A new alleged cure for cancer has been discovered. Pity some of these allegations cannot be proved.

An investigation discloses that the state of Illinois is solvent, a condition of affairs as surprising as true.

The middle west seems to have copped the bulk of the Montana land distribution.

Stop the production of flies by killing the producers.

This is exposition week. It is worthy of your attention

MARRIED LIFE THE FIRST YEAR AFTER THE HONEYMOON
By Mabel Herbert Urner.

As Helen now shrank from going out alone, Warren tried always to get home in time to take her for a short walk before dinner. He was now more than ever anxious that she not so close confined, and their walks through the quiet streets in the gathering dusk had come to be an important part of the day.

Sometimes they would stop in some cheerful restaurant. He would secure a table in a secluded corner where she could have the diversion of the gay scenes, the lights, the music, and still be shielded from any curious gaze.

After any of these little outings he always brought her home in a cab. He was anxious that she walk one way but not both. Her strength must not be taxed. Once she suggested going back in a car, and he answered hotly:

"I'll not have you riding in a street car now."

She stepped into the cab he had peremptorily summoned, her heart beating fast and a soft flush in her cheeks. O, how sweet and wonderful it was to be taken care of in this way!

All the way home he held her hand in a warm strong clasp while she leaned close to him. How carefully he helped her from the cab and up to their apartment, insisting that she slip into a negligee and lie down at once.

Cheerful and Loving.
And now as the time drew near, more and more she had come to regard herself with a thrilled sense of awe. More than ever now must her health and strength be fostered and she must be safe but for the sake of something else.

Since that night when she had sobbed out her fear in the dark, they had both carefully refrained from referring to it again. But now and then when she would suddenly cling to him, her face hidden against his arm, he would know that the fears had come back, and would hold her close in silent, reverential understanding.

If any secret dread crept into his own heart he was careful not to show it in any way. When he was with her he tried to be uniformly cheerful. And there were many anxious hours at the office—she never knew.

They had fitted up the spare room as a nursery. A white crib with its tiny hand embroidered pillow and soft down covers, stood in the corner. And there were many other things, the mere buying of which had given Helen so much happiness. The dressing table was covered with dainty pink and white things—powder boxes and swan's foot brushes and tiny combs and brushes.

Her Dream Child.
One afternoon Warren came home to find her kneeling beside the crib. She had not heard him enter, and for several moments he stood silently beside her. Then very gently he lifted her to her feet and led her out of the room.

In spite of his efforts to be with her all he could do was to be too much alone. He wanted her to have some one with her during the day—but to this she would not listen. Later there would have to be the nurse—but now she was alone. The thought of having a stranger around. "No, no," she insisted again and again. "I want no one, I have more now than I ever had—my dream-child and you."

That was what they always called it. From the very beginning it had been the "dream-child"—never anything else.

Warren had opened a small bank account in Helen's name, for the dream-child, and the money was added to it. In that way, in a few years there would be enough to insure their child's education—whatever might happen to them.

The expense of the last few months had not been light. Warren had been very generous and had insisted on Helen getting all the little dream-child clothes that she wanted. The fitting up of the nursery had been most expensive. For they both felt that nothing could be too dainty or too fine—and that they could not consider expenses at this time and for these things.

Secure in His Love.
Warren had laughingly told her that he was now smoking only two cigars a day, instead of four, and that the money for the other two was to go for little "frillkins". (Anything soft and white and lacey Warren always called "frillkins".)

And Helen knew, too, that not only cigars, but other things had been given up. He no longer stopped at the club on his way home for a couple of highballs. It had been many weeks now since she had noticed the slightest trace of liquor on his breath.

Those nights when he had come home flushed and irritable and seemed so vague and far away. Surely nothing like that could ever come between them again.

Secure in any present happinesses were apt to look back upon a former trouble and wonder how it could have so affected us.

And as Helen had felt secure in the happiness of their engagement, so now she feels secure in this new joy. The thought that this, too, may wear away does not occur to her.

THE RED BUTTON
A MYSTERY STORY OF NEW YORK
By WILL IRWIN
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CONTINUED FROM SATURDAY.

Betsy-Barbara repeated it slowly. "But how can I get him to tea if he doesn't ask me?" she objected.

"What's the matter with a young woman passin' a soda fountain with a young man, never went thirsty unless she wanted to. Get him in if you have to invite him yourself. I know you, Betsy-Barbara. But don't you be yourself today. Let him make love as hard as he wants—just this once."

The door rattled; Tommy North was back.

"Mr. North," said Rosalie, "I'm borrowin' your office help for the day. We want you to do somethin' for us. You don't understand now, but you will. Don't you go near my house until tomorrow—you sleep out tonight at a breakfast out tomorrow. I can give a rebate if you demand it," she pursued, dimpling on him.

"All right, take it out of that first week's board you stung me so hard for," laughed Tommy North. "Then his eyes sought Betsy-Barbara's with a troubled look. 'What's the answer?' he asked."

"There's no answer," said Rosalie Le Grange. "Not just at present. Excuse me, I'll be right back. I'll explain some day myself. Go where you want tonight. Only don't get drunk."

"Oh, he won't do that, of course!" put in Betsy-Barbara.

Which defensive assurance quite restored the spirits of Tommy North, and the smile came back to his face.

"But promise us on thing—you will never say a word to anybody about this," put in Rosalie.

"I promise," said Tommy, as solemnly as he could, considering that his heart danced. She had taken her cue from him!

Out in the hall Rosalie remarked: "You can trust your secret to a lot of people with a secret if you pick the right ones. Now we must be gettin' on."

But Betsy-Barbara's curiosity made one final struggle.

"Le Grange, is Mr. Wade to be proved innocent? May I tell Constance that?"

"You can tell her nothing—understand? Just nothing. But probably he is, just the same!"

"I will tell you," asked Betsy-Barbara.

"You may know somethin' tomorrow if you're a good girl and do just as I've told you."

"From the morning papers?"

"Well, I certainly hope not!" said Rosalie Le Grange.

They parted at the corner. No sooner had Betsy-Barbara taken a Fifth ave. stage and started on her puzzling journey of intrigue, than Rosalie called a taxicab and set her course for the east side docks of lower Manhattan.

Here we must introduce a new character in this story, a person who flashes in and out of our lives, bearing service in their hands. At this point also appears—though ever so slightly—the element of coincidence.

Luck had entered little into these operations of Rosalie Le Grange, as it enters, to an extent that a novelist never dares admit, into all chains of human affairs. This final stroke of luck was small; but it fell towards Rosalie's ends. Doubtless had it failed, she, the fertile, would have found another plan as good.

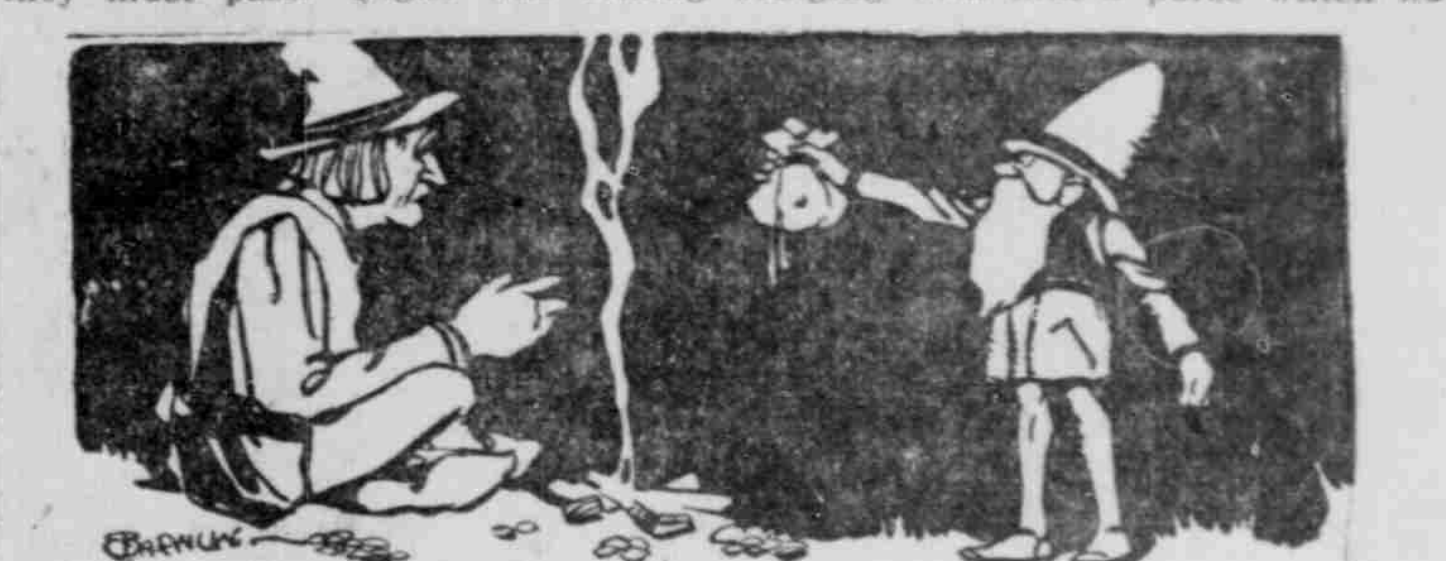
The new character, then, is Skipper Matt Baldwin of the schooner Maud, engaged in the coastwise lumber trade. The Maud is lying at the dock, preparing to sail for Halifax on the morrow with a return cargo. A battered and pleasant old man, the Skipper Baldwin, with an eagle profile which denotes his courage and a soft eye which indicates his guilelessness. He tossed a life long on the seven seas before he bought the Maud and settled down for the rest of his days to coasting. He was a widower of long and affectionate memory; because of that and because of his searchings of the spirit on lonely voyages, he became a believer in spiritualism of the kind which Rosalie was his favorite medium—and his friend. Between voyages, whenever he found her in New York, he used to visit her and receive a consolation which was false in detail and yet true in spirit. To the general, there are only two ways of looking at a professional medium—as a hell-born fraud or a heaven-sent friend. There was nothing, he told her again and again, that he would not do for her. She believed that; and her beliefs in the heights and depths of humanity seldom went wrong. Toward the schooner Maud she was now driving her taxicab.

The piece of luck was this: at the very moment when the taxicab rounded the corner from Wall st. and the driver began to inquire for pier 16 1-2, Capt. Baldwin was as near to profanity as his convictions allowed. As for the mate, he had on convictions which prevented him from expressing himself to the limits of his vocabulary, over that unlucky accident, that tumble into the hatches, which had sent a newly-signed Italian member of the crew to Bellevue hospital nursing a broken arm. With all the heaven-condemned things they had to do before the improper old snow could be cleared in the morning, how the sin and sulphurs (the mate inquired of the bright air) were they going to dig up another sailor to satisfy the port regulations? The skipper, braiding rope, returned no answer, for answer there was none.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

THE MELTING POT
COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.
WHEN THE ROSEDALE SINGERS sang operatic selection at the Orpheum last week the audience applauded so enthusiastically the lights had to be turned down to stop it and it was an average vaudeville audience.
It was in marked contrast to the sporadic recognition given the rathskeller entertainers, who sang the conventional vaudeville stuff—ragtime and recitative raps, which found most response in the gallery.
The effect was encouraging for those who hope for the growth of a higher musical taste in American audiences.
Isn't It True?
(Kendallville News-Sun.)
What is a den?
A den is where
The broken chairs,
The rugs with tears,
The pictures cracked,
The table hacked,
A tickle clock,
Desk that won't lock,
Are gathered in a heap by ma
And put in a room for pa.
THE Cleveland jurist who recommends a code of domestic diplomacy has the knack of utilizing the available to serve the present purpose, which is to preserve the balance of marital relations and put the divorce court out of business.
"There would be fewer divorces," he says, "if married men were only diplomats. Why invite trouble when a bit of clever invention will save a headache?"
And he gives us an instance. Being asked by his wife if he got his scissors fixed he replied he had not, but they would be ready on the morrow. Even then he was carrying them in his pocket, having forgotten the errand.
The principle that what your wife does not know will not hurt her is an old one, but subject to drawbacks. There is her intuition, and then there is your bone head.
How Cool The Nights Are.
(Gary Tribune.)
However, we have not yet heard of our own Charles W. Fairbanks being sent as an exhibit to the national refrigerating congress. Perhaps they are saving him for the Polar exhibit at the Panama exposition.
NEVER an inharmonious note in Grand Rapids. The Butterfly guild of on the process of reaching truth. He does so because he sees as "through a glass, in a dark manner". God does not weigh or compare. In the white light of His divine men He sees all things as they are. To say God is a "reasonable" being is to deny Him omniscience.
I have no interest in the theology of the News-Times only insofar as it affects the people toward whom I have assumed a measure of responsibility. I can not see their beliefs, and my own, and the beliefs of our fathers spoken of slightly without entering into a controversy. I do not court it. The News-Times or any other South Bend paper may enter the field of religion if it will. But one questions the wisdom of "smartness" in dealing with hallowed beliefs which the great a.

THE NOSE-TREE.
AS TOLD BY AUNT GERTIE.
CHAPTER I.
Did you ever hear the story of the three poor, old, broken-down soldiers who had spent all their strength and all their money in the wars, and who were obliged to beg their way back home?
Days and days they traveled toward home with little or nothing to eat and no place but the roadside to sleep.
One night they came to a gloomy woods through which they soon saw they must pass. Night was coming



on. The shadows made strange shapes on the ground. The trees rustled and the leaves crackled as if live creatures were walking over them.
"All we can do is to keep watch in turns," announced one of the three as they made up their beds on the earth, and decided to make the best of it.
"All right," agreed the other two. So two of them went to sleep, and the third sat up and watched.
While the old soldier mused beside the campfire, something happened! A little dwarf in a red jacket, high boots and a queer-shaped hat walked up out of nowhere. It seemed, "Who are you?" he asked of the old soldier, in a high, squeaky voice. "A friend, to be sure," answered the old man. "Come up closer and get warm by the fire."

To Be Continued.

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